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The Musical Drama and the Works of Richard Wagner.

From the French of EDOUARD SCHURE.

(Continued from page 81).

Lohengrin followed close upon *Tannhäuser*. Here, the dramatic system of the author shone out with the utmost clearness. Considered as a poem, its elevation and beauty are remarkable. If Richard Wagner had written nothing but the words of this noble tragedy, it would have given him rank with the true poets of the world. While German criticism was hurling fire and flame against the "musical heresies,"—so-called—of *Tannhäuser*, the author, quite unmindful of these attacks, and absorbed in his own idea, gave himself with renewed eagerness to the study of the old Germanic poetry. Exploring that chaos of legends and fragmentary traditions, he felt himself ever re-animated by the breath of a younger and more healthful life. Here he found space and scope for his heroes, grand figures surpassing, by many a cubit, the vulgar limits; men of gigantic passions, heroic women, souls great in evil, or sublime in goodness. Was it a mistake to call up these heroic shades, these figures rudely sketched by the genius of the nation, and consecrated by the worship of many generations? The strict partisans of the historic opera blame him; but those who love strong and simple tragedy, appreciate his work; scarcely could he have found elsewhere so picturesque outlines, characters so clear-cut,—in a word, all the most valuable material for the musical drama.

The new type to which his attention was irresistibly drawn was that of the Chevalier of the Swan. Like the Flying Dutchman, and like *Tannhäuser*, the Lohengrin of the legend became in his mind very personal and human. This Knight of the Holy Grail descends from the heights of Montsalvat, that sacred land of justice and holiness, of which his father, Parzival, is king: he comes over the sea to defend Elsa, heiress of Brabant, unjustly accused of having slain her brother. Notwithstanding his godlike nature, there burns in his secret soul a human passion,—he would fain love and be loved, and share with some mortal who could understand them aright, the unutterable joy, the infinite sadness, which is his sublime birthright. Mysterious thought, which recurs in the myths of every nation; the hero, the demi-god, seeks the love of the mortal woman. Lohengrin takes in hand the cause of Elsa, and in single combat vanquishes her accuser. King and people at once recognize in the victory, the judgment of God. Having saved Elsa, he offers her his love; at the same time he asks her absolute trust, and forbids her ever to question him upon his origin or his name. Twice he repeats the command, in language the most exact and imperative. "Thou shalt never ask, thou shalt never even seek in thy thought to know whence I came over the waters, what my name, or what my race! Lohengrin had given instant faith to the innocence

of Elsa; he asks that she should believe in him equally without reservation and without proof. He would be loved for himself, accepted just as he stands in his heroic pride; understood through trust and love, as he, through love and trust, has understood Elsa. She, who has had a mysterious consciousness that he would come to save her, and has loved him before she had seen his face, promises all, in a passion of gratitude and worship; but through a series of intrigues, which fill the second act, Frederic and Ortrude, the enemies of Elsa, who wish to remove her from the throne, that they may occupy it themselves, succeed in insinuating doubt into this pure soul. After frightful struggles with herself, driven by torturing anxiety, which amounts even to terror, she puts to Lohengrin the fatal question, upon the very night of their marriage. Wounded to the heart, Lohengrin reveals his high origin, in the presence of Elsa, the King, and the assembled guests; announces himself Knight of the Holy Grail, then leaves them, never to return. He goes away heart-broken, for he loves her still,—but obedient to his own haughty self-respect and to the law of his order, which forbids that its champions should remain among men, once the mystery of their origin has been revealed.

Lohengrin, tender yet imperious, is a living incarnation of that heroic temperament which demands in love the blindest and most perfect trust, and which will break inexorably every tie at the first and faintest manifestation of doubt. He seems to pay the penalty of his superior nature, in the fear that he inspires, for it is his tragic destiny to be suspected by the woman he adores, and by whom alone he can be understood and loved. Elsa, the impassioned woman, claims his complete confidence, and, through the pride of the immortals, he denies it to her. She doubts him, for an instant, and he cannot see that the doubt springs from love's excess. The proud, heroic nature cannot quite understand the woman's soul in all its delicacy and its depth. He ought to see that she has a right to all his confidence, but he does not. Hence the abyss which yawns to divide them;—here is the tragic crisis of the poem. The construction is simple, and events cluster about this point, in a few decisive scenes,—each scene brings on the action, and every word carries weight. In the musical drama, the poem itself can be but a sketch, the music must give it life and color; but from the strength and freedom of the cartoon, one can imagine the wealth of splendor of the finished picture. The characters are drawn with extreme delicacy of shading, and grouped with skill. Frederic de Telramund and Ortrude are a most striking contrast to Lohengrin and Elsa. The sombre, scheming two, united by hatred, serve as a foil to the two so noble and tender, and bring out clearer the white purity of the hero and his betrothed, two angels of light,—as it were,—by the side of two evil and condemned creatures, escaped from the abyss. Neither Ortrude nor Frederic are the vulgar, wicked

conventional "villains" of the drama. Ortrude, especially, is an original creation. Great in audacity and *sang froid*, she hides under a marble exterior a very hell of hatred and malice, to let them loose upon their victim at the fatal moment, with the most ferocious exultation. The quiet skill with which she poisons the mind of Elsa, the perfidious caresses with which she surrounds the innocent girl, and the false gentleness with which she gains ascendancy over the unsuspecting heart, betray the trained malice of a demon. The encounter of these characters gives rise to unexpected and striking situations, and the fatal scene in the third act, between Lohengrin and Elsa, where the latter forgets her promise in the very transports of her own passionate affection, is of a tragic beauty, which moves the soul to its depths.

The musical interpretation of this tragedy is far clearer and more harmonious than that of *Tannhäuser*. The unity of conception and style are so perfect, that one asks oneself if the words were made for the music, or the music for the words; one might say that in the height of poetic expression, language, vibrating with soul and passion, becomes melody. The musical form of expression, like the versification of a tragedy, far from confusing the action, renders it more salient. The chorus is no longer a dull mass, manoeuvred with mechanical effect by the conductor's bâton; it is an eager crowd, full of life and individuality. The grand chorus in eight parts, which precedes and accompanies the arrival of Lohengrin, is a fine example. Elsa, accused and defenceless, is in the presence of the king and all the people: twice the royal herald calls for the knight upon whom she depends. Not a person stirs in the crowd: the rude soldiers begin to doubt her innocence, and the sad and solemn *motif* expressing the judgment of God weighs upon her in the dead silence, like an irrevocable malediction. Elsa, despairing, falls upon her knees, with her women. Suddenly, her face lights up with rapture; in the distance, at the same instant, appears a figure standing in a boat drawn by a swan; his armor glitters in the sun, and the mysterious swan cleaves the waves, in measured advance. At the sight, a stir runs through the crowd; the chorus commences *pianissimo*, like a light whisper. First there are only individual exclamations, where you may detect the surprise of some, the innocent faith of others, the alarm of the incredulous, the astonishment of all. While the boat comes nearer, the chorus strengthens, rises in waves of rejoicing, still rises, till, as the radiant knight steps on shore, it bursts into a grand hymn of joy and religious exaltation.

This wonderful *crescendo* brings before our minds that sacred terror which the ancients required in their Tragedy, which the people feel in the presence of this shining avenger, and which fills the human soul at every manifestation of the divine.

The dominant *motifs*, which are so important

in *Tannhäuser*, are yet more significant in *Lohengrin*. They form the unity of the musical woof. From the principal musical phrases, the skillful and daring composer has woven a pliant and harmonious network, which enfolds the entire drama. These expressive phrases recur like the words of a spell. They are all so original, that at the end of a measure, you would recognize them among a thousand, and their faintest suggestion may be instantly detected in the great symphonic waves of the orchestra. The most important of these *motifs* are those which embody the great moral powers, the passions of the characters, those fundamental principles of the soul, whence flow the character, the conduct, and the life. Thus the religious theme of the Holy Grail admirably unfolded in the prelude, is, as it were, a golden background, upon which is relieved the luminous and heroic figure of Lohengrin,—it is the theatrical atmosphere which surrounds him, the lofty, silent and sacred solitude, whence he descends to the troubled and heated air of earthly passions. All the other *motifs* which relate to the hero, have a secret kinship with this mystic phrase. The melody itself recurs but rarely, as if to make us feel that these divine sentiments illuminate the life of man only with rare and fleeting gleams. It steals, faint and dreamy, a far-off vision, into the first song of Elsa, who awaits her defender and who feels already the unspeakable felicities of the Holy Grail. Sweeter and purer than a mountain breeze, in the heavy and stormy air of the plain, it whispers around the young girl, accused, yet beautiful with innocence, like the breath of another world. It returns at long intervals, each time that Lohengrin alludes to his sacred mission. This exquisite modulation, full of the enthusiasm of heaven, which hovers over the hero, like a chorus of unseen angels, is rendered, at first, always, by the violins; but, finally, when Lohengrin reveals his origin, it is suddenly seized upon by the trumpets, as if the Temple of the Holy Grail stood revealed, at that supreme moment, with all its jasper columns, its serried ranks of angels, and its blinding splendors. To this celestial melody, which is victorious wherever it comes, and without effort, is opposed the evil *motif* of Ortrude, designed, usually, by the violoncellos. This rampant and perfidious phrase springs like a serpent from the darkest depths of the soul. In the *duo* between Ortrude and Frederic, it seems to wind itself about the unhappy pair and stifle them in its coils; in the dialogue with Elsa, where Ortrude insinuates that Lohengrin may be perhaps only a magician and an impostor, it seems to be ever in motion in the orchestral level; now dragging itself along with dismal sounds, then rearing itself up with the hiss of a viper. It glides subtle and tortuous, into the innocent heart of Elsa, and with its venom poisons her dreams of love; but in the presence of the invincible Lohengrin, it draws back affrighted.

It is easy to see the psychological interest which attaches to the developments, combinations and reminiscences of such characteristic *motifs*. They are no longer cold symbols, belonging to a system of mnemonics; they are wonderfully vivid themes, that the imagination of the composer varies, at every moment, according to the exigencies of the drama, or the intensity of the passion. They reveal, as if by stealth, the most secret impulses of the heart, not yet ex-

pressed in words. It has been said that the clairvoyant, in his mysterious sleep, sees unveiled the inmost soul of those who are before him. The orchestra of Richard Wagner gives us an analogous sensation, revealing to our gaze the secret hearts of the personages before us upon the stage. and, by this strange betrayal, making us aware of their carefully-concealed emotions, and their hidden designs.

In *Lohengrin*, that perfect fusion of poet and composer, towards which the artist has tended from his youth, finds its accomplishment. The noble creation which has resulted from this union, will remain forever a work of a new and completely original description. It brings in a new period in the history of the musical drama,—the enfranchisement from old conventionalisms, on the one hand, and a more perfect unity between the words and the music, on the other. This is not one of the ordinary operas, that is to say, a brilliant mosaic of marches, choruses, *trios* and *septuors*. Rather is it a living organism, all whose parts spring harmoniously from a single germ, to which all are referable, from which all are developed, by the innate necessity of the subject; in a word, rigorously used,—it is a musical drama.

Richard Wagner thus arrived at the clear view of his dramatic ideal, which resembles the Greek tragedy in its general structure, but which is none the less completely modern in its ideas and sentiments. Thus perceiving his goal, he goes towards it, undisturbed by the fluctuations of criticism. I shall be brief in giving the rest of his career. The point of importance was to show the instinctive, inevitable and logical development of his thought. The political events of 1849 brought a great change to his life. He early threw himself into the revolutionary movement, in the hope that this great social and democratic reform would be the signal of a revival in art and might lead to the founding of a grand national theatre. The Saxon republic, as is well known, was overthrown by Prussian troops. Wagner, proscribed as one of the insurgents, took refuge in Switzerland. In the long exile which followed, he had time for meditation, for patient waiting, and for gaining new strength in his cherished ideas. He now resolved to explain his theories in a series of aesthetic essays. Accustomed to express his thoughts in living creations, he entered with reluctance the labyrinth of speculative ideas. It was needful, however, to define his position, and to defend the musical drama, as he conceived it, against a crowd of misunderstandings; likewise, the proscribed man must now live by his pen. He threw himself into the arena with all the ardor of a man who identifies himself with his Idea. These writings, which form a chapter by themselves among the works of Wagner, indicate a profound knowledge of music, and are filled with original thought, often of great justice, upon the history of the opera, and upon the essence of art and the intimate harmony existing between its different forms. It may be regretted that the author has not given these works a less abstruse form. The thought is sometimes lost in philosophic formulas, so broad that the mind is not able to grasp them; but along with these polemic exaggerations and these idealistic transports, is found many an eloquent page through which throbs the artist-soul, glowing with the love of art, in which speaks the

man who has put his thought into his life. Of these works, the most remarkable are: *Art and Revolution*, *Opera and Drama*, and above all, *The mission of Art in the future*, which has made for the author so many enemies, and has occasioned a quarrel in the world of letters more violent and more interminable than was provoked a hundred years earlier by the dedicatory epistle prefixed to *Alceste*. In this book, the author seeks to prove that all the arts blend harmoniously in the musical drama, as he conceives it. He shows with much sagacity, that in the opera they strive with each other, as rivals, instead of concurring to one and the same end. Each, seeking to shine for itself, exhausts its ingenuity to excel the others, and from the mutual struggle arises the tyranny of whichever is the strongest. The one which carries the day will absorb the spectator's attention. Sometimes, it is the singing only, the simple vocalization which rules, at the expense of the words and even of common sense; again, it is the orchestra which now plays a march, out of all connection, and now brings upon the stage a troop of choristers and *figurantes*, without any one's seeing the reason why; lastly, it is some fantastic *ballet* which usurps possession of the scene. As for Poetry, she does what she can; in the opera, she is the drudge and the scape-goat of all the other arts; she is maltreated without pity, shut up in a *libretto* which is constructed, cut into shape, hacked to pieces, at the will of musician, scene-painter and *virtuoso*. Hence, all manner of contradictory impressions,—an incongruous whole, a degenerate style. How would it be, the author goes on to say, if Poetry, instead of being the submissive slave, became the intelligent ruler,—if, instead of being the pretext for the work, she was the soul of it,—if the action were grand and simple, if the music, subordinated to the drama, contented itself with strengthening and adorning the expression of the sentiments,—if the decorations were always in harmony with the emotions of the characters,—if the pantomime, instead of being a series of *ballets*, always out of place, should lend its aid only to give plastic beauty to the gestures of the actors, to their attitudes, to their natural grouping, and should compose under our eyes new and noble *tableaux vivants*,—if, in a word, the arts should act together under one sovereign inspiration, to forward one end: the eloquent representation and the poetic transfiguration of man, and of his destiny? Should we not then have a work a hundred times stronger and truer, and would it not leave in the soul a more profound and more harmonious impression? Here then, says the author, in conclusion, is the living and perfect form, towards which the opera, during two centuries, has been slowly making its way; this is the ideal, which we sought while yet ignorant what it would be, and which, henceforth, we must pursue with full knowledge. Far from assuming that he has attained this ideal in his own works, he confesses that he is still distant from it; he declares only, that he seeks it, and believing it possible, and even necessary, he sets it before his contemporaries as an object worth their bravest efforts;—not so did the critics choose to understand him. Leaving out of the account all the ideas which the author has brought forward, they seized upon the title of his book and turned it as a weapon against himself. According to them, Wagner, unable to gain ad-



miration in the present, gave himself out as the musician of the future. The *mot* was well received, it has made the tour of Europe. Such is the origin of that famous "music of the future" of which such a bugbear has been made. Like the epithet "romantic" in 1830, the simple word becomes a reproach, and takes the place of argument.

Much weight was added to this summary criticism, from the fact that the world in general seemed to confirm its decrees. The operas of Wagner were spreading very slowly through Germany; *Lohengrin* had not even been represented. All the directors were afraid of them, and the author himself, now in exile, had renounced all hope of success. Less disposed than ever to yield to public opinion, he still kept at work, in obedience to that necessity of creating which rests upon the true artist. In this isolation he had the good fortune to meet an ardent champion, who did more for his cause in Germany, than he could have done for himself. François Liszt, then *chef d'orchestre* at Weimar, had seen by accident the score of *Lohengrin*, and was passionately taken by it. This generous, spontaneous, electrical enthusiasm which Wagner's music has many a time excited in fine and elevated natures, is not the least stamp of distinction placed upon his works. Then ensued a rare sight; a *chef d'orchestre* bringing out an opera from no motive of material interest, in spite of the apprehensions of the director, through pure artistic conviction, persuaded that by his own enthusiasm he should be able to bring the public to feel the beauty which he himself so deeply felt. Liszt had understood *Lohengrin* by inspiration; he directed the rehearsals with an enthusiasm that those who witnessed remember to this day; for many months he devoted himself to the work, till he fired with his own ardor the orchestra and the actors. Naturally, the performance was admirable; the success, brilliant. Performed for the first time at Weimar, Aug. 28, 1850, the birth-day of Goethe, *Lohengrin* was received with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. Now in this case it was not the public who imposed their caprice upon the master,—it was the master who brought what he knew to be good before the public, and directed the public taste to approve it. Should it not be so always! When art becomes degenerate, it is the fault of the artists. Almost invariably, their concessions to the frivolities of fashion are unworthy and base. It is past disputing, the grand and the true always succeed with the crowd, when those who stand as interpreters believe, themselves, with all their hearts.

From this day forward, the operas of Wagner conquered the opposition of the German public. There was still no lack of hostility, it is true; but *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* made the entire circuit of Germany. They took their place in the repertoire of every great theatre, and acquired a wide popularity. Further, the most independent thinkers hastened to encourage this brave reformer, who made himself the champion of the musical drama, that is, of dramatic truth in the opera. Adolphe Starr was one of the first to recognize the merits of the poet-composer, and proclaimed them in his book, *Weimar und Jena* (1852) with that generous rashness which characterizes him. Later, the suffrages of such musical authorities as Ambros Marx and Brendel,

were given in. Some distinguished musicians gathered about him, and great artists of the lyric drama, such as M. and Mme. Schnorr von Karolsfeld became his enthusiastic disciples.

We will say nothing of *Tristan und Isolde*, represented in 1865, at Munich, and so wonderfully rendered by M. and Mme. Schnorr, nor of *Die Walkyrie* and *Siegfried*, which have not yet been put on the stage, except that, in a poetic point of view, they surpass the preceding works, and considered as musical compositions, the author has valiantly carried out in them his principles. In his latest work, to conclude, Wagner has entered upon a new field. Deserting the mythic region, he has placed himself full in the 16th century, among the organized society, known as the Master-singers of Nuremberg. In this picturesque and national setting, he has brought forward a subject of great originality and which must be dear to every lover of free and true art. His idea is the victory of spontaneous, poetic genius over the pedantry of the schools.

Such is briefly the career of this man, so attacked, so derided; such the *ensemble* of his works seen at a bird's-eye glance. What does this rapid review bring before us? An artist of daring genius, early freed from restraints, self-developed with the strongest originality, following strictly the law of his own being, driven to constant work by the stress of the creative instinct. As a worshipper of the Ideal, exalted, rash, sometimes extravagant, but strong even in his exaggerations, we have seen him gaining his rightful place, never sustained and borne forward by surrounding society, but always at war with it, not favored by the rules of art of his time, but hampered by them, not with the age, but in spite of the age; something wonderful as a proof that the artist is not always the product of the conditions in which he lives. He took from his century its fever of revolution, only to carry it into the domain of art; and from the great composers of his nation, only their most advanced ideas in regard to music. Poet and musician at once, from the time of *The Flying Dutchman* he is thoroughly original. From that time forth he is mastered by one dominant idea, to give to opera the unity, the richness, all the dramatic charm of the grandest tragedy; to create works which shall be able to bring up public taste to the most noble sentiments and the most elevated ideas. Filled with this desire, he breaks with the traditional opera, enters upon the career of the musical drama, and strives to bring poetry and music together into the front rank. Henceforth, he stops at nothing, he rules over his own domain, and in each successive work extends its boundaries. It remains to us to judge, by some example, of this new form of opera; we select his latest, *The Master-singers of Nuremberg*.

To be Continued.

Christine Nilsson.

(From the London Orchestra.)

VII.

When Mlle. Nilsson rested from her labors in the autumn of 1867, she had earned several triumphs, and could bear away from British shores many pleasant recollections. Among the conquests was the *Marguerite* of Goethe and Gounod. Everybody has more or less formed his ideal of *Gretchen*—either from the original pages, or through the translations of Bulwer and Martin, or through Scheffer's pictorial art, or

through the opera. There is perhaps no more concrete embodiment of a poet's dream than *Marguerite*. Desdemona is a mere ideal; Imogen may be fair or dark, tall or *petite*; Miranda might take shape in a dozen forms; so widely do dramatic realizations differ. Perhaps the most distinctly defined type is a non-dramatic one—that of Byron's *Haidee*; but she has the distinctiveness of dress rather than of spirit and feature. Given the Greek adornments, the tasselled head-dress and the dark hair, and a certain resemblance must pervade all efforts at illustration.

But *Marguerite* is one and indivisible. Who has not in his mind's eye the slender Saxon type, the blond hair, flat upon a marble forehead and falling in plaits behind; the low stomacher, the lithe, supple form just emerging into womanhood as she crosses the path of a lover prepared to "see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt"?

"Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say."

And the ideal has survived.

So absolute is *Gretchen's* individuality that on the stage it is difficult to vivify the model with exactitude. Operatic singers in particular have felt themselves restricted to a certain accepted notion at variance more or less with their natural manner; and when, tired of constraint, they have relapsed into their natural manner, they have strayed further from the ideal. Tietjens cleaves to the flaxen tresses, and piles a wig over her own hair which gives her a Watteau appearance. It is a *Marguerite* of laborious simplicity whom we see: a stately *Marguerite*, inclined to embonpoint. Patti forswears the wig and comes out as a brune *Gretchen*, black-haired and dark-eyed; a pretty specimen of miscegenation; an Italian girl singing a French personification of a German ideal. Lucca, who by nationality is well fitted (as indeed Tietjens is) to appreciate Goethe, apparently frames her conception upon the lines

"Sie ist so sitt-und tugendreich,
Und etwas schnippsch doch zugleich."

But then she insists too strongly upon the *schnippsch*. With her *Marguerite* is a saucy little person, fully open to a flirtation, and disposed in the first meeting with Faust only to *reculer pour mieux sauter*. There is an air of "Follow me if you dare," when she rejects Faust's arm and escort. Hers is a *Gretchen* of the *Gassen*; we almost expect to hear her "chaff" *Mephistopheles* in the Berlin *patois*; and when the serious interest deepens and passion supervenes on sauciness, she develops more Southern proclivities than even Patti.

Until Nilsson's assumption of the part, therefore, a full realization of *Gretchen* was wanting. But there now entered into competition one fitted alike by nature, by youth, and by culture, to do justice to Goethe's conception and Gounod's illustration. The Scandinavian type was near enough to the German to render disguise unnecessary; the slender form and young grace needed no disguise; the gentleness was only natural. So, when she crossed the scene, clad in white, with downcast eyes and clasping her missal, Scheffer's picture of *Marguerite* suddenly stood realized before the spectators. There was no need to write "This is *Marguerite*" under the illustration; there was equally no compulsion to add "This is *Marguerite* with a difference," when she began to sing. The "No, Signor" of her first phrase might, barring language, have been the "Bin weder Fräulein weder schön" of the original. And the truth of the conception was preserved throughout, though the French version wanders from the German text, and represents *Margarete* under various circumstances for which there is no warrant in the original, but which are necessary for the composer's purpose.

To give effect to such variations without wandering from the one first aim is no small point in an artist's favor. Take for example the soliloquy of *Gretchen* over the jewels placed for a soul-trap by *Mephistopheles*. How pathetic is Goethe-*Gretchen's* reflection as she stands before the mirror:

"Man lobt euch halb mit Erbarmen,
Nach Golde drängt,

Am Golde hängt
Doch alles, Ach, wir Armen!"

Contrast this with the burst of *Grisette* gratification wherewith Gounod's *Marguerite* hails the spangles; the delight to which the Italian version gives expression in "E strano poter." The one is a poet's unity of imagination, the other a musician's capacity for creating an effect of contrast. In conflicting readings like this, Christine Nilsson manages a happy compromise. She deals justly with the music, but she does not lose sight of the poetic purpose. She is no *Grisette* suddenly vanquished at the sight of the pretty gewgaws; yet she has to sing delight over them in woman-like fashion. "It was," wrote one English critic of her first appearance in *Margherita*, "as if a bird were carolling over a poison berry." Again, the soliloquy wherein *Margarete* cons over *Faust's* love, as she appears at the window, is given by Mlle. Nilsson in a calm, happy reverie, rising by subtle gradations into ecstasy when she concludes by invoking his presence. There is nothing in all this of Southern languors or of French abandon, yet it lacks not fervor. The vein of German sentiment runs throughout; but the passion which is not of one nation, but of all nature, speaks in every silvery tone and shines in every eloquent look and gesture.

VIII.

Up to this time Christine Nilsson's French triumphs had been earned at the *Theatre Lyrique*. At that establishment she had continued to play, in friendly rivalry to Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the singer of an old and famous reputation and the wife of the manager. There were not wanting mischievous writers who insinuated a relationship of small cordiality between the old and the new prima donna, between the manager's wife and the star. Actually no such jealousy existed; but it pleased the French feuilletonistes to imagine it. It enabled them to say wicked little pleasantries from time to time. A French joke becomes all the more piquant for a spice of malice and personality.

Thus when "*Faust*" was revived at the *Lyrique* for the opportunity of presenting Nilsson in *Marguerite*, one spiteful critic—albeit he meant no spite, only a coarse form of jocosity—announced the playing of the part as "a splendid triumph—for Mme. Carvalho." The insinuation being that Nilsson had failed in the impersonation, and that Mme. Carvalho, who had formerly been identified with *Marguerite*, would be pleased at her rival's disaster.

Now among all Christine Nilsson's triumphs there is none perhaps so strikingly illustrative of genius as this attempt in Paris to personate *Marguerite*. Herein she was doomed for the first time in her career to encounter a vast opposing force of prejudices, and to be defeated by them at first, and at last to overcome them. The Parisians did not like her conception of *Gretchen*. They had formed their own ideal of *Gretchen*—an ideal of the Boulevards; they had imagined her as a sort of saucy soubrette, with the manner of a shop-girl: a trifle unfortunate, perhaps, and therefore in some measure to be pitied, but to be pitied in the way one may bestow a degree of sentiment upon a girl who has been victimized by a gentleman and a devil in partnership. Any underlying formation of character, any tone of sentiment beyond or above this Boulevard appreciation of the young person, was not in the French mind. If it existed, it was foreign, it was German, and therefore not worth analyzing or bothering about in any way. The Germans were a queer, mystical, transcendental race of theorists; they smoked more than was good for them, and ate *chou croute* inordinately; they were *lâches carrés*, and not a little stupid and cloudy. As for them—the French—accepting a German point of view of a character which Gounod, their own Gounod, had incorporated and Gallicized, it was not to be thought of. Parisian audiences had seen *Marguerite* dressed and played à la Française, and they were satisfied, and wanted nothing more.

In this humor they were unprepared for Mlle. Nilsson's new rendering. She herself had not

desired the ordeal; she had begged that the part might be left in the hands of Mme. Carvalho, who had graced it before, and who was always associated with it. But the manager insisted, and Christine reluctantly attempted the task. She undertook it, however, in her own fashion, embodying her own knowledge of German literature and German habits; she realized her own conception of the artless girl such as Goethe created, and Ary Scheffer and Kaulbach depicted. The faithfulness of demeanor, the accuracy of dress, the fidelity of spirit, were presented as we are accustomed to see them in the bearing of Christine Nilsson. It was the same sweet, tender conception which subsequently made her famous in Paris, and has counted among her triumphs in this country. "She is the impersonation," wrote the Paris correspondent of a New York paper at the time, "of unsuspecting purity—guileless, sweet, candid, modest, and self-restrained—but with a tinge, perhaps, of melancholy in her face and bearing, as if the gentle mirror of her soul already reflected the dark shadows of evil gathering about her, and soon to wrap her away in storm and darkness and death."

Nevertheless this conception offended the French critics at that time, and displeased the audience. They accused Nilsson of dullness of coldness; she has no animation they cried; even her voice had fallen off; and—gravest fault in a Parisian eye—she was becoming stupid. Something more alert, more saucy, more "bouncing," was what they had looked for in *Marguerite*. "It was a triumph—for Mme. Carvalho;" but a signal failure for Nilsson. One critic demanded the instant withdrawal of the opera. Even the *Revue de Deux Mondes* stooped to blame. It seemed, indeed, as if the great artist had failed upon the very issue which should have earned her greatest glory. Unaccustomed to such harsh treatment, she might well, at this point of her career, have lost heart.

Luckily for her, luckily also for the subsequent pleasure of Paris, the verdict was not unanimous. Théophile Gautier, one of the keenest intellects and readiest pens in the service of dramatic literature, justified Nilsson's rendering in the *Journal Officiel*; Ernest Feydeau, in the columns of the *Revue Nationale*, stemmed the tide of disapprobation; and among spectators the English and American components of the audience stood by Christine. To them German literature was not such a sealed book as to the Parisians *pur sang*; they thus could appreciate the truthfulness of the rendering. There were German residents also in Paris, who naturally knew that Nilsson was right and her detractors wrong. Lastly, the critic of *Galignani* battled bravely for the Swedish artist, averring that he had seen the part played by every eminent singer in Europe, and not one of them could approach Christine Nilsson in spirituality and loving fidelity to the poet.

The tide turned. The opposition had had one good effect: it advertised the singer. As a result, during the last twenty or thirty nights of the engagement, every seat in the theatre was secured at a high premium. Not a box, not a stall, not standing-room even, but was eagerly taken, long in advance: the audiences were delighted, the critics veered round to a man. Rarely, if ever, has a fuller conquest been obtained over ignorance and prejudice and national jealousy. After all, a Paris public is not unaccustomed to reverse its judgments. It did so in the notorious instance of Rossini's "*Guillaume Tell*," utterly tabooed at its first performance. Superadded to the proverbial fickleness of the multitude, there is always the hostile force of private rivalry and envy and dislike, which is sometimes permitted to suggest, if not to organize, the outward opposition. What a world of intrigue and bitter strife is the world behind the scenes; what innumerable enemies must a rising artist conquer before his empire is secured! Victor Hugo, though personally he has had little to complain of in his career as a dramatist, knows the meanness and the bitterness of the faction-fight which every great man must encounter in that arena, be he author or compos-

er or artist; and on the life to be there undergone the poet has fixed his broad, emphatic mark. "God grant me," he writes in one of his prefaces, "proper repentance for having exposed the virgin obscurity of my name and person to the snares and squalls of the theatre, and above all to the wretched broils of the *coulisses*; for having entered into that most fitful, foggy, stormy atmosphere, where ignorance dogmatizes, where envy hisses, where cabal reigns or crawls, where the probity of talent is so often unrecognized, where the noble candor of genius is so generally displaced, where mediocrity triumphs by reducing superiority to its own level; in short, where there are so many little men for one great man, so many nullities for each Talma, so many myrmidons for each Achilles."

IX.

Mlle. Nilsson's reputation had by this time grown too large to be limited by the walls of the *Lyrique*. She had swelled it in appearances at many concerts and private salons, and now the opera coveted so rare a singer: Imperial art put in a claim. In a country like France, where the State is the patron of national art, a great artist becomes an object of national importance. It had become, too, a matter of great exigency to secure the Swedish singer, as M. Ambroise Thomas had just finished his opera of "*Hamlet*," upon a libretto adapted from Shakspeare's play. In its original form—or rather through versions which more or less departed from Shakspeare's text, but were sufficiently original to satisfy French criticism, "*Hamlet*" was fairly enough known to Paris playgoers. Alexandre Dumas, the elder had had a turn at it, doing the blank verse into rhymed alexandrines, and clipping and trimming the stout English into finikin French conceits. Like all his fellow-dramatists, Dumas had not scrupled to improve Shakspeare where in his judgment such process became necessary. The Gallic mind is never even to this day fully emancipated from the influence of Voltaire, and Shakspeare continues to be regarded as somewhat barbarous; as rough; as wanting that polish which is the special boast of French literature. Therefore he has to be rhymed; to be divested of his strong materialistic way of treating things; to be sentimentalized; to be knocked into classic shape; to be generally bewigged and perfumed, before the cultured sense of France can endure him. In his barbarous, defiant originality he is much too "shoking."

A great improvement was introduced into "*Hamlet*" in the shape of a classic urn, containing the ashes of the defunct King of Denmark. Over this urn the Parisian *Hamlet* poses himself elegantly, and delivers some prettily-turned sentiments of the "Affliction sore long time I bore" order. This improvement on the unrefined English poet commended itself to French intelligence as being true alike to nature and art—especially the art of Père la Chaise. When therefore the knowledge spread that Ambroise Thomas had turned the tragedy into an opera, and that this opera was to be produced at the chief lyrical house, everybody knew pretty well the nature of the subject and the sort of artists who would be required for its interpretation. People knew that the hero of the tragedy was a sombre, melancholy, brooding personage, whose character could only be delineated through a bass voice, and that among bassi Faure was pre-eminent; to Faure, therefore *Hamlet* would fall. They knew also that the fair and gentle attributes of Ophelia demanded one interpreter—one whose birth and education, whose natural bias and art training alike suited her to the part. Who so thoroughly fitted to present the sweet Danish lady as the Swedish singer? All eyes were instinctively turned to Christine Nilsson.

In due time it was known that Christine would leave the *Place du Châtelet* for the *Rue le Peletier*, and that she would undertake, as everybody had anticipated, the first rôle in M. Thomas's opera. A great concourse assembled to bid her farewell. Though she was but exchanging one theatre for another, though all Paris could still delight in her appearances, the demonstra-

tion was as great as though she were taking leave of the stage entirely. The "Blues" by M. Cohen was her valetoditory opera; a work which depended entirely upon Nilsson's grace in filling the principal part, and which withered at her departure. "M. Cohen," said one generous critic on the occasion, "préfère retirer sa partition que la laisser dépouillée de son prestige féminin." In harsher words, he had no help for it: the opera possessed no vitality beyond Nilsson's charm. But had it been the dulllest work extant, the audience were prepared to honor it for the prima donna's sake; thus the theatre was crowded, and the demonstration became a frenzy. Such bravoes; such a rain of flowers—garlands, principally composed of artificial cornflowers (*blues*, the namesake of the opera); wreaths and crowns wherein rare jewels were not wanting; bouquets with a visiting card, mostly crested or coroneted, in the heart of each, *pour prendre congé*; poetic epigrams, too, attached to the gifts, after the dainty Continental manner; in short a thorough ovation. This was Nilsson's last night at the Lyrique, previous to her début at the Opéra, on the 9th of March 1868, in the part of Ophélie.

(To be continued.)

Music at Baden-Baden.

Mr. Chorley's letter, in the *Athenæum*, dated at Baden-Baden, August 9, gives interesting particulars as to musical affairs in that gay centre of continental life:—

The musical attractions of this watering-place are, for the moment, without stint or limit. The established orchestral band is better than I recollect it any previous season. Among the guests are numbered some of the best living musicians of Germany and Belgium: to name only M. Leonard (violin); Herr Cossman (violoncello), who has ripened into one of the best players on this instrument extant; Herr and Mme. Trautmann-Jaell; Herr Brahms; Herr Lassen, from Weimar; Herr Emil Naumann; Herr Milde, and other less eminent, but still meritorious. There has been, accordingly, a chance for the amateur (who is in England and Paris somewhat jaded by the incessant repetition of a few unimpeachable masterpieces) to make acquaintance with some of the newest creations of German instrumental music.

The name of Herr Brahms as a composer from whom great things were to be expected, has, for some years past, been known in England. Every work from his pen which has been given out contains some of those touches of happy thought and real invention which distinguish the master from the manufacturer. A pianoforte quartet in A major; a set of duet variations for the pianoforte; another for piano solo, on a stately theme from one of Handel's harpsichord lessons; a trio for pianoforte, violin and horn—an unsatisfactory mixture—may be specified; each of them built on phrases which the ear clings to and retains. But, whether it be from over-solicitude to escape from the well used classical combinations of form and sequence, the development of all these will fail to satisfy those who demand clearness and sustaining power in music. The episodic matter is too vague; the harmonies, though arranged with a view to climax, too harsh and untoward. It may be feared that at the outset of his career the taste of Herr Brahms has been warped beyond the power of time and counsel to set it straight. The impression made on myself, at least, is one of tantalized expectation and weariness consequent on unperformed promises.

It was only by an exercise of blind faith in good intentions, or that craving for novelty which accepts confusion for originality, till at length the ear and the mind become confused, I could arrive at the "Young German" point of admiration, which is based on the happy conviction that we have to day a school of inventors who begin where Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn ended as pioneers. To me (for it would be absurd to lay down a law as infallible) the chamber music of Herr Brahms ranks at some distance behind that of Herr Rubinstein. When I compare a pianoforte concerto, a quartet, a trio, a sonata with violin by him with the music I heard the other evening; the Russian composer, though, like Herr Brahms, he may be too prolix, too vague, too disdainful, possibly, of self-correction, rises in right of force, fire, and mastery far above his contemporary. Both, it may be, suffer from living in a time of turbulence and lawless revolution, during which "foul" and "fair" are strangely confounded and made synonymous, and the satirist's

rhyme—

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought—
represents a reality.

From this shapeless and fatiguing music, an excellent concerto for the violoncello, by Herr Eckert, excellently played by Herr Cossman, and another for the violin, which was no less skilfully rendered by its composer, M. Leonard, offered a welcome relief to the ear, and a proof, no less welcome, that novelty is possible without eccentricity. Both, as being rational, spirited and attractive, may be characterized as among the best things of our time, and gave real pleasure to their hearers. A word, too, is due to the clever playing of Herr and Mme. Trautmann-Jaell combined, in Schumann's duet variations for two pianofortes, on an affected theme. Why these should be largely preferred to a similar suite by Mendelssohn (too seldom selected) I have never been able to understand. Better rendered than they were on the occasion referred to they could not have been. By contrast, the violent and monotonous pianoforte playing of Mlle. Marie Wieck could not but excite a disadvantageous contrast. The lady has complete power over the keyboard of the pianoforte, but it is a power totally untimely by grace or sensitiveness, and, as such, fails to impress, persuade, or fascinate the ear.

Mlle. Battu has been singing here; also Herr Milde, from the Opera at Weimar. In these days, when what is rough and unfinished (falsely rated as strenuous and classical) is so largely the rule of German vocal execution, the purity, finish, and elasticity of his tuneful baritone voice and the excellence of his style cannot be too highly estimated. It is a pity that so much talent and accomplishment should be shut up within limits so narrow as those of Weimar. But Goethe's town has always been fortunate in attracting and retaining real talent. The present *Kapellmeister* there, Herr Lassen, is a real artist, of whom one would be glad to hear more. Four "Lieder" by him, sung by Herr Milde, are as good as German *lieder* can be, deserving to rank next to those of Schubert and Lindblad. Of Herr Lassen's German "Lieder" it may be said that the *cantilena* is good and expressive, but not trite; that the accompaniment is rich and various, in itself full of interest, and yet arranged so as to be a support, not a disturbance, to the singer.

The Story of Mozart's Requiem.

Novello's *Musical Times*, London, contains a series of articles, by William Pole, R.S. Mrs. Dec. Oxon., reviewing at great length the principal documents relating to the much mooted question of Mozart's Requiem, and ending with the following "connected narrative":—

At a place called Stuppach, in Lower Austria, four and a-half posts from Vienna, on the high road to Trieste, resided a large landed proprietor, named Count von Wallsegg. He was a great lover of music, kept a number of musicians in his service, and had frequent musical performances, in which he himself took part, playing the violin or flute. He had received only an indifferent musical education, but had the ambition to be thought an eminent musician. He had maintained relations with several composers, from whom he purchased, on liberal terms, quartets and other works, which he transcribed with his own hand, and passed off as his own.

His Countess, to whom he was much attached, died early in 1791; and the idea occurred to him of doing honor at once to her and to himself, by the performance of a grand Requiem, ostensibly of his own composition. He had heard of the fame of Mozart, whom he decided to employ to write the work, under the real of strict secrecy, and under such precautions as should prevent discovery. Some months elapsed before he carried his intentions into effect; but in 1791 he instructed one of his stewards, a man named Leutgeb, (residing at Schottwein, a village near Stuppach, belonging to the Count), to pay a visit to Mozart at Vienna, for the purpose of executing his commission.

Accordingly, shortly before Mozart received the invitation to visit Prague, and produce there his opera of *La Clemenza di Tito* for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, a stranger appeared before him, bearing a letter without signature, in which, after much flattering of Mozart's talent, the writer inquired whether he was willing to undertake the composition of a Requiem, and if so, for what remuneration, and in what time. The messenger was a tall, lank looking man, with a solemn expression of countenance, and clad in sombre gray; and the strange and unusual apparition made on Mozart a deep and lasting impression. He consulted his wife,

and expressed his wish to attempt this species of composition, particularly as, he said, the higher pathetic kind of church music had ever been his favorite style, and he would endeavor to write a work of this kind which, after his death, both his friends and his enemies should admire and study. His wife advised him to accept the commission; and Mozart answered that he would compose the Requiem for fifty (or, according to other accounts, for 100) ducats. He was unable to state precisely when it would be completed, but he desired to know the place where he should deliver it when it was ready. After some time, the messenger again appeared, and brought with him not only the sum demanded, but also the promise of a considerable additional payment on the delivery of the score, as the demand had been so moderate. Full permission was given for the composer to write according to his own fancy and inclination, but he was forbidden to make any attempt to discover the name of the person ordering the work, which would certainly be in vain.

In the meantime, Mozart had arranged to go to Prague; and, as he and his wife were stepping into the carriage, the mysterious messenger again appeared, like a spirit, standing by their side; he pulled Mme. Mozart by her dress, and asked, "What will now become of the Requiem?" Mozart excused himself on the ground of the necessity of the journey, and the impossibility of giving his unknown patron notice of his intention, promising, however, that it should be his first work on his return, if the person would wait so long. With this answer the messenger appeared fully satisfied.

Mozart returned, in the middle of September, to Vienna, and set to work at the Requiem; but he was called off from it for the *Zauberflöte*, which was then pressed forward by Schikaneder, and which was produced for the first time on the 30th of that month. After this he was free, and he set himself zealously to work to complete the composition. His friend, Joseph von Jacquin, came to him to request him to give lessons to a lady, and he found him at his writing-table at work at the Requiem. Mozart asked for a short delay; for, he said, he had a work in hand which was pressing, and which lay heavily on his mind, and that till this was finished he could think of nothing else. Other friends also afterwards remembered that this work exclusively occupied him.

The mystery in which the commission was enveloped appeared to take a strong hold of his imagination. He sank into a deeply thoughtful state of mind; and, regardless of all advice, worked at the score with untiring earnestness and energy. The interest he took in it appeared to increase with every bar, and he wrote constantly, day and night. This exertion, however, was too much for his feeble frame, which had suffered by illness shortly before at Prague, and his weakness increased to such an extent that he would sometimes faint at his labor. His wife noticed, with deep concern, his failing health, and tried to enliven him with society, but in vain, for he remained absent and melancholy. She, however, took him occasionally for a drive in the Prater. On these occasions she noticed he would sit silent and thoughtful; and on one fine autumn day, as they were sitting alone during their drive, he began to speak of his death, and declared that he was writing the Requiem for himself. Tears stood in his eyes; and as she endeavored to prove to him the fallacy of this sad foreboding, he said: "No, no! I feel it too strongly; I am not much longer for this world." From this idea he was not to be turned. He gave utterance to other strange fancies about the mysterious appearance and the commission of the unknown messenger; and when his friends attempted to reason him out of them, he remained silent, but unconvinced.

His wife, finding his illness increasing, and believing that his work at the Requiem was too much for him, consulted his physician, and took the score out of his hands. After this, his state somewhat improved, and he was able, on the 15th of November, to compose the little Cantata, *Das Lob der Freundschaft*, the successful performance of which, and the great applause it obtained, gave him new spirits. He again asked for the Requiem, in order to continue and complete it, and his wife felt now no hesitation in restoring it to him. But this hopeful state did not last long. In a few days he relapsed into his former melancholy; he became constantly weaker, until at last he took to his bed, from which he never rose again.

But still he worked on at the Requiem, as hard as his failing powers would allow him. When he had finished any part he would get it sung, and played the instrumental part on the pianoforte by his bedside. On the day of his death, he caused the score to be brought to him, and sung as usual. Schak (who relates the anecdote) sang the soprano; Mozart him-

self the alto; Hofer, Mozart's brother-in-law, the tenor; and Gerle (afterwards a public singer in Mannheim) the bass. They were singing the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart began to weep bitterly (he was always easily moved to tears by music) and laid the score aside. This was at 2 p.m. on the 4th of December. In the course of the afternoon his wife's sister found Süßmayer at Mozart's bedside in eager conversation with him about the Requiem. "Have I not told you," said the dying man, as with tearful eyes he turned over the score, "that I was writing this Requiem for myself?" He soon became worse; but even in his last moments the Requiem seemed to occupy his thoughts. He puffed out his cheeks and tried to imitate the effect of the drums. Soon afterwards, he raised himself up, but his eyes were glazed; he leaned his head against the wall and seemed to slumber; and an hour after midnight his spirit passed peacefully away.

After the funeral, when the widow had time to look around her, her first attention was directed to the Requiem, which Mozart had left unfinished. She was in very bad circumstances; and she feared that when the person who had ordered it came to know it was left incomplete, he would refuse to take it, and demand a return of his money. In this state of things, the idea occurred to her and her friends that it might be possible to get the Requiem finished by some other hand, and so to give it over in a complete state to the unknown owner. Several musicians were applied to, and, among the number, was Eybler, the chief of the court orchestra at Vienna, who undertook the work under a formal agreement, dated 21st December, 1791, binding himself to secrecy. He began to fill in the instrumentation, and to continue the *Lacrymosa*; but, being dissatisfied with his work, he declined to continue it. Probably others who were applied to hesitated to measure their capabilities against those of Mozart, or refused to be parties to the deception; and at length it was offered to Süßmayer, who appears to have had no scruples in the matter. Leaving untouched the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, which had been finished by Mozart, he copied out, note for note, the subsequent parts which Mozart had written, filling in the instrumentation according to Mozart's design. The parts which were wanting to complete the work, and which Mozart had not commenced, Süßmayer composed, he says, entirely himself. The score, so copied and completed by Süßmayer, was written, as before stated, in a handwriting so remarkably similar to Mozart's, as to pass perfectly well for it. It was accordingly joined to the *Requiem* and *Kyrie* (really in Mozart's hand), and so formed a complete Requiem, which, after it had been copied for the widow's use, was given over to Count Wallsegg's messenger. From the copy retained by the widow, the work was afterwards performed and published.

It remains to trace the history of the two principal manuscripts, namely:—

(1) The complete score, partly in Mozart's and partly in Süßmayer's hand, given to Count Wallsegg; and—

(2) Mozart's original unfinished manuscript of the portions of the work following the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*.

(1) When Count Wallsegg received the score from his messenger Leutgeb (who had been bound over to secrecy, and had, as he conceived, secured similar secrecy on the part of the real composer), he shut himself up in his writing room, and made a copy of it in his own hand, putting on it the title, "Requiem compositum dal Conte Wallsegg." This copy afterwards passed into the possession of the Count's sister, the Countess Sternberg; and it must have been this which Zawrzel saw, when partly finished, as stated in his letter to André.

From this copy the Count proceeded to have the work rehearsed and, ultimately, performed, giving it out as his own composition. Performances took place, first in Neustadt, near Vienna, and afterwards at an estate of his on the Sümmering; and detailed particulars connected with these performances are given by Krüchten and Herzog.

It seems strange that a new work of this magnitude and merit should have been performed at Vienna and at Neustadt, only about fifteen miles apart, at about the same time, and under two different composers' names, without the anomaly exciting attention; but this is only one of the many strange things in the story. We may, however, take it for granted that, though the Vienna public knew nothing of the Count's assumption, the Count very soon heard of the performance of the work under Mozart's name at Vienna; and we imagine that this performance, and the public knowledge of the work to which it gave rise, were not very palatable to him. He kept, however, his own counsel till he heard of the proposed publication by Breitkopf and Härtel, and of the claim set up by Süßmayer for a share in the composition;

for there can be no doubt that he was originally given to understand by Mme. Mozart that the complete score given to him was not only entirely Mozart's composition, but was in Mozart's own hand. At these disclosures his forbearance would hold out no longer, and he set his advocate upon the widow in the way already related; and after his pacification by Stadler and Nissen, we lose sight of him in the history. He died in November, 1827, soon after the commencement of the great controversy in which he was so nearly concerned.

The Mozart-Süßmayer score of the Requiem had been carefully locked up in his library; and, on his death, it was sold along with the rest of his music. It passed through several hands, until, in 1838, one of the officers of the Imperial Library at Vienna became aware of its existence, purchased it for fifty ducats, and lodged it safely in the Library, where it remains, open to public inspection.

(2) The history of the other, or unfinished manuscript is not so clear. It remained in the widow's hands for some time after Süßmayer had copied it to make Count Wallsegg's score, and it was submitted by her to André in 1800. After this, it would appear that she pulled it to pieces, and sold it, in detached parts, to different persons, with so little care or attention to its inestimable value, that it could not afterwards be traced, and so it was lost sight of entirely for many years. The first we hear of it afterwards is, that at the time when the Abbe Stadler was hotly engaged in the dispute with Weber, the detached parts were put into his hands, to aid him in establishing his argument; and that they were there formally examined by a number of eminent men, as we before related.

From this time they were taken care of; and we find them existing in two portions. One portion belonged to Stadler, and the other to Eybler; but the source from whence they obtained them are unknown. They were afterwards both bequeathed to the Imperial Library in Vienna, where they still remain, with the Wallsegg score.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 11, 1869.

Handel's Operas.

When old works of great masters, long gone from sight, are brought into the living world again, the dust of time carefully removed, and a beautiful creation given to mankind, what lover of art does not rejoice? Where so much time and labor are spent in excavating fragmentary sculptures of a period we name classic, to stand these incomplete pieces,—symbols of lost beauty—in museums where comparatively few see them, is it not strange that noble works of music are left to their solitary and dusty shelf existence? This has been the fate of the Handel operas. Musicians have either too carelessly turned over the old leaves, or have trusted the common report that Handel's young efforts were wasted in his operas, and so they have neglected to examine them.

A greater mistake cannot be imagined. Instead of wasted efforts, the seeker will find some of the most beautiful productions of Handel's genius. The works are over-running with fresh and vigorous thoughts. The explanation of the neglect with which these operas have been treated is not to be sought in their own weakness, but rather in the imperfect education of the majority of musicians of our day. The old style of writing had long gone by, ere Mozart and Mendelssohn, following in the steps of Mosel, gave their generation an insight into the beauties and wonders of the Oratorios. These were written in nearly the same style as the operas: namely with one and two-voiced accompaniment, with the harmony ciphered below. Sometimes there is but a simple bass alone. Down to Mosel's time the oratorios had suffered the same fate as the

operas. *Judas Maccabæus*, *Jephtha*, the *Messiah*, *Samson*, *Israel in Egypt*, and the others, gradually came to light. The operas were left almost untouched. Composed at the time of the height of song and following each other in rapid succession, they lived their short lives to give way to other productions. Many of them had a good run; but, dependent upon the fickle taste of a court, who can wonder at their mercurial existence? They were the embryo of modern opera.

The demand of each succeeding generation for a closer union of music and the drama gradually let the Handel Operas fall into their present state of neglect. The light, champagne-y character of modern opera requires something more theatrical, in the strictest sense of the word, than the Handel operas offer. This is natural and concomitant with the development of operatic form. It does not account for, however, nor excuse the total throwing aside of them. The reason is rather to be found in the fact that musicians are inadequate to the task of re-arranging the works of so eminent a master and giving them his character. In the score they lie before you mostly two-voiced, with the harmony ciphered below. In Bach's and Handel's day, it being part of a musician's education to learn to extemporize on any given theme, in which Handel himself was master—much was left to the accompanist's education and talent: of course in piano and organ accompaniment. It was also customary for the conductor to accompany. Much that could have been written out in full was merely signified by a theme and bass. That it was Handel's intention to trust much to the accompanist, we have proof enough. The "*Il Pensieroso*," for instance, is a chorus followed by a choral. The accompaniment is entirely wanting, with the exception of a simple one-voiced bass; but just above it Handel has written: "The motive of the accompaniment is to be found in the following choral." In other places the aria runs on alone, with nothing whatever in the piano part. The same occurs often in Bach's works. This gap in the accompaniment it was the task of the conductor to fill. How many organists of to-day could at sight accompany an aria, when suddenly a long blank in the organ part occurs? In Handel's time this was child's play; to-day an art of the past.

They are just as few, also, who can with study work out in true Handelian style the motive of an aria or chorus in all its bearings: or in other words, are able to arrange a work of Handel in complete form. I saw lately an edition of "*Il Pensieroso*," published at Leipsic. So far as carrying out that master's idea of musical form is concerned, it is a failure. The work was merely a filling out of the few harmony ciphers which Handel saw fit to write. The well-known style of repeating in the accompaniment as prelude, interlude, or postlude, the theme of the aria, is disregarded. At the conclusion of a phrase, instead of continuing the motion and carrying out the original idea, the accompaniment falls into a sluggish and stiff arrangement of the harmony as it stands ciphered in the original score; spoiling the beauty of the piece and misrepresenting Handel.

To supply these oft occurring blanks an accompanist must be perfect master of musical form and must have a keen power of analysis; added to which a deep musical nature. Each of these necessary qualities ROBERT FRANZ possesses to

an eminent degree. This composer, so well known in America, has devoted much time of late to the studying and re-arranging of the Handel Operas. There have been published in Leipzig, during the past month, Twelve Arias each for the four different voices. The score for orchestra and organ will soon follow, with complete re-arrangement of the choruses. The thought of their being wasted early efforts of Handel, will give way, upon hearing, to one of admiration. Some of the favorite numbers of the oratorios have been taken *verbatim* from the operas, to which the *Messiah* forms no exception. The Arias will become favorites of the concert room, and the public, as well as singers, will be grateful for such a new fund of classic music. Among the Alto Arias, "Confusa si miri l'infida consorte," from *Rodelinda*, is especially beautiful; and of the Soprano: "Ritorna o caro e dolce," from *Rodelinda*, and "Empio diro tu sei," from *Julius Cæsar*. The Italian is attended by a German translation. It is the first time that these noble arias have been brought before the public in so complete a form. Here and there you may find a note which is not in the original theme; but the whole is so true to Handel, so free from foreign element, so devoid of any personal and egotistical exhibition on the part of Franz, that our Handel-loving public cannot but give them a hearty welcome, and musicians be thankful to have once more in an intelligent form these long neglected creations of the genius of Handel.

O.

Devrient's Recollections of Mendelssohn.

Almost every one who ever knew Mendelssohn personally, or who was at any time in correspondence with him, seems to feel called upon of late to write a book about him. "Reminiscences" abound. The most widely circulated and most popular in this country and in England, no doubt, are those by the somewhat sentimental musical romancer, the German lady who rejoices in the *nom de plume* of Elise Polko. The Polko book, which has been republished here (Leypoldt and Holt, New York), is certainly readable, and in some ways brings one nearer to the man as he looked and moved in the musical and social world of Leipzig. Especially does it illustrate the enthusiastic worship he excited among music-loving and impressive young German girls in the gushing, hero-worshipping period of their life. Nor here have we any reason to question its veracity, making allowance for a great deal of *couleur de rose*.

A far different book is that by Edward Devrient, a distinguished actor and singer (not the great Emil Devrient), an intimate friend of Felix from his youth, associated with him in many of his most important doings, and particularly in all that related to his well known desire to compose an opera. We fully agree with all that is said of the book in the article which we copy below from the London *Athenæum*. It does give us a deeper insight than any other into the real character and nature of the man. It deals soberly and wisely with its subject, without exaggeration or romance. We have made numerous translations from it during the past year for the benefit of our readers, and should have continued them, but that a translation of the whole work (it is small) was announced in London. We quite agree, too, with what the *Athenæum* says of Lady Wallace's translations of the "Letters," and are disposed to take on trust its assurance of the greater faithfulness of Devrient's translator. Why will not Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt add this to their beautiful reprints of other works of the same class?

My Recollections of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and his Letters to Me. By Edward Devrient.

Translated from the German by Natalia Macfarren. (London, Bentley.)

Meine Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, und seine Briefe an mich. Von Edward Devrient. (Leipzig: Weber.)

Of all the books yet published on Mendelssohn, this gives the reader the clearest insight into the character of the most gifted musician of our time. The earnest, conscientious nature of the man, his unceasing striving to attain perfection, his sympathy with every elevating pursuit, his strong affection for family and intimate friends, his impatience of opposition and contradiction, his extreme sensitiveness, and his occasional irritability, are here fully and unreservedly displayed. Herr Devrient first shows us the little prodigy of twelve years old, and allows us to follow his progress year by year, often week by week, until the sad catastrophe that robbed the world of so much promise. The form into which the narrative is thrown gives the reader peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with Mendelssohn's characteristics. The numerous letters—even more charming, because still more unconstrained than those delightful notes of travel published some years ago—are so many windows, through which we gaze at our will at Mendelssohn's simple, frank, guileless nature, while the shrewd, though sympathetic comments of Herr Devrient convey the impression produced by the composer on his personal friends and on the world at large. Singularly real and lifelike is the account of how the two friends were bent upon having a performance of Sebastian Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew,"—how they called with this object upon rough old Zelter,—how, in spite of much discouragement and many difficulties, they at length carried their point,—and how, from the first performance of this work under Mendelssohn's direction, dates the recently rekindled love for the long-neglected master. Well might this great scholar exclaim with pride, "And to think that it should be an actor and a Jew who gave back to the people the greatest of Christian works!" Especially interesting to us is all that relates to Mendelssohn's frequent journeys to England. He writes his opinion of us without the least reserve; but although the confession tells against ourselves, we must concede that the strictures are just. And it is pleasant to observe that Mendelssohn grows more attached to England with each visit. Even when he is most severe upon us, he finds still more fault with the Berliners, to whom he has so strong an antipathy. "Here," he says, "music is treated as a business; it is calculated, paid for, and bargained over, and much indeed is wanting; but the difference between a musical festival here and in Germany shows where the disparity lies.... When I think of the musicians of Berlin, I overflow with gall and wormwood; they are miserable shams, with all their sentimentality and devotion to art. I have no intention to sing the praises of English musicians; but when they eat an apple-pie, at all events they do not talk about the abstract nature of a pie, and of the affinities of its constituent crust and apples, but they heartily eat it down. May the devil have his own!"

The perpetual craving of Mendelssohn to make a name as an operatic composer comes out very strongly in this volume,—too strongly perhaps, seeing that Herr Devrient was the unceasing instigator, and that it was from the singer playwright that the composer hoped to receive the *libretto* which would come up to his ideal of what an opera-book should be. To the anxiety of Mendelssohn to write for the stage, and to his extreme punctiliousness in choosing a subject, we owe many valuable indications of the high principles which governed his artistic life. Thus, in one valuable letter on the subject, he writes thus:—Ever since I began to compose, I have remained true to my starting principle: not to write a page because no matter what public or what pretty girl wanted it to be thus or thus; but to write solely as I myself thought best, and as it gave me pleasure. I will not depart from this principle in writing an opera, and this makes it so very hard; since most people, as well as most poets, look upon an opera merely as a thing to be popular. I am aware that popularity is more essential and natural to an opera than to a symphony or oratorio, pianoforte pieces, and such like; nevertheless, with these even, it takes time before one stands sufficiently firm to be above all danger of being misled by external considerations; and this leaves me hope that I may yet write an opera with joy, and the good conscience that my principle has not wavered." A hope, never, alas! to be fully realized.

Later on, Mendelssohn suggests 'Lear' or 'Faust' adding, "I always return to the latter."

These extracts are from the above-cited English translation, which, on the whole, has been admirably executed, the translator adding many interesting notes, and in several instances setting Herr

Devrient right on questions of fact. So faithfully has the version been made, that the English, frequently harsh and unidiomatic, suffers. But this is a fault on the right side. After the slipshod, blundering translation of the 'Reisebriefe,' this conscientious version of Herr Devrient's 'Recollections' is especially to be prized.

THE HUMBOLDT CELEBRATION, at the Music Hall, next Tuesday afternoon, must not be forgotten. The arrangements are complete, and it promises in every way to be one of the most interesting celebrations ever yet held in this country. Besides the address by AGASSIZ, there will be noble music admirably in keeping with his subject and the whole thought of the occasion. Mr. PAINE will open the exercises with Bach's Toccata in F upon the organ. A fine orchestra, under Mr. ZERRAHN, will play Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture before the address, and the Introduction and first movement of Beethoven's 7th Symphony after it. The singing will be by the Orpheus enlarged by other German Clubs, to the number of some 80 voices, also directed by Mr. Zerrahn, and will consist of the Chorus of Priests in the *Zauberflöte* (Consecration of 'the noble youth') and Mendelssohn's part-song: "Der frohe Wandersmann," which happens to have an equal fitness in connection with the proposed "Humboldt Scholarship"; also a fine Hymn "An die Musik," by Vincent Lachner.

The Germans also have a celebration of their own in the same Hall in the evening.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Mme. PAREPA-ROSA seems bent upon giving us something more complete and excellent in this line than we have had before. Herself a host, she has made up her company of good materials by all account. Miss ROSE HERSEE, a new prima donna, is described as young, pretty, and very clever, with a high, light, Soprano voice, having the reputation in London of combining eminent effective talent with modest worth. She is to make her New York debut in the "Sonnambula." Then, besides the SEGUIRS, Mr. CASTLE and Mr. CAMPBELL, there is Mr. ALBERTO LAWRENCE, a good actor, with a superb high baritone, we hear, who has won reputation in Italy as well as London, and there is Mr. NORDBLUM, the young Swedish tenor, brought to this country and in some sense educated by the Rosas for this special sphere. We hear that he sang very finely in the *Creation* at Chicago.

Their season opens at the French Theatre, New York, this evening, with Balfé's "Puritan's Daughter," a light, popular opera, full of flowing melody, new to America, which saw a hundred nights in London. Mme. Rosa sang there in it, and counts it among her favorite parts. Miss Hersee is to sing also in Auber's *Domino Noir*. Other operas mentioned for performance are, "Fra Diavolo," "Mariana," Gounod's "Faust," &c. But far the finest hope of all is raised by the promise of Weber's *Oberon*, and Mozart's *Figaro*. The company will visit Boston in due time of course.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.—The best comment upon some things one meets with now and then in print, is to post them up, letting them speak for themselves. Here are two:

1 (From the Daily Sentinel, Indianapolis, Aug. 17.) A Boston amateur pianist, with the exquisite high sounding title of "Ernst Perabo," (Grand Frenchman, "you know,") gave a very commonplace sol-ree yesterday, to the musical element of our city, most of whom were good judges of very ordinary music, but sadly at a loss to comprehend Perabo's great forte. It certainly did not lay in his manipulation of the piano, to impart any new light to our youngsters, and his display here was simply what any number of our young Misses can perform without any extra practice.

2. (From Loomis' Musical Journal, New Haven, August)

Meaner than all the rest is it for a paper like *Dwight's Journal*, located in Boston, and one that should support the thing [viz. Peace Jubilee] with heart and pen, to indulge in such a spirit of calumny and apparent revenge, that is so eminent in their issue of July 31. If Mr. Dwight was not made President of the Association or Chairman of the Music Committee, he need not show his wrath in such a boyish way. He appears as J. S. D., in a long letter in the *Tribune*, which is very plausibly written and reads very prettily, but is thoroughly unjust and takes a very false view of the whole matter. We should respect Mr. Dwight's course if we could, but he has made it utterly impossible for us to do so.

Mr. S. N. PENFIELD, organist, of Rochester, N. Y., after two years study in Leipsic, has returned to this country and established himself professionally in Chicago. One of the Rochester papers translates, from the *Leipziger Tageblatt*, of June 11, a notice of his performance on the organ at the Nicolai Church, as follows:

On Thursday, June 9th, occurred the organ exhibition of the pupils of the conservatory, under the direction of Prof. Richter and Dr. Papperitz, which furnished a brilliant testimonial to superior style and careful instruction. Especially worthy of note as the crowning point of the performances (which were throughout very praiseworthy) was the rendering of Bach's compositions by Mr. S. N. Penfield, from Rochester, U. S. A. It indicated a comprehension of the character of the instrument in most worthy style, a cultivation in manual and pedal playing, and sure observance of a clear and finished technique. Such study will work out the highest success in art culture.

The *Athenæum* by no means flatters the Tonic Sol-faists. With reference to their display at the Crystal Palace lately, it speaks thus:—

"The success of the Tonic Sol-fa Concert at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, was hardly equal to its pretensions. Its pretensions were great, apart from the superiority claimed for what is styled 'the new notation.' Each of the singers (nominally there were 4,500 in the orchestra) had passed an examination, and obtained an 'elementary certificate of proficiency' at least; while, we are assured many had reached a higher grade. Moreover, criticism was especially challenged by the performance at sight of a piece never before heard in public. We may consider, therefore, that the choir was a finished product of Sol-faism, and that it fairly represented what the method can do. Under these circumstances the concert must be set down as a failure. All though many of the selections were easy, and none more difficult than Handel's 'Theme Sublime' or the 'Benedictus' from Weber's Mass in G, few were given really well. The voices were often out of tune with the organ; the 'attack' of the various parts was extremely weak; and the delivery of tone rough and inartistic throughout. These faults were very noticeable in the first, or sacred portion of the programme, and may account for the fact that only one piece, the well-known 'Gloria' of Pergolesi, made any effect. The secular music was better rendered, and had a better reception. Against the faults named it is only fair to place the merit of steadiness. Nowhere was there more than the slightest wavering in the immense choir singing together—we believe, without any general rehearsal. To the sight-singing test we do not attach the importance which would belong to it under more exacting conditions. The piece selected—part of an anthem by Henry Smart—is simply harmonized, limited to the tonic and dominant keys, and abounds in passages of imitation. Moreover, before all the copies were distributed, a large portion of the choir had time to give it as much study as was necessary for any but an absolute beginner. That, under such favorable conditions, the little piece was read off remarkably well, can surprise nobody. The Tonic Sol-faists are, without doubt, doing a good work by spreading musical knowledge among the humbler classes; but they have yet to show, in a practical manner, that their system is an improvement upon the one they wish to supersede."

HAMBURG.—The Singacademie, formerly under the direction of Grund, then of Stockhausen, and, at present of Herr von Bernuth, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this autumn. Among the works selected for performance on this occasion are Handel's *Solomon* and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

WIENENWANG.—The subscription for the Gluck monument to be erected here has reached the sum of 1750 florins: Of this, the King of Bavaria gave 400 florins; the King of Wurtemberg 100 florins; the King of Saxony 52 florins; the Grand Duke of Hesse 100 florins; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin 87 florins. Liberal German Potentates! About seventy-four pounds raised among five of them for a monument to Gluck.

Herr Wagner's "Meistersinger" is definitely accepted for the Berlin Opera, and will be brought out at the end of October, with Herr Niemann as *Walter*, Mlle. Mallinger as *Eva*, and Mlle. Brandt as *Madeleine*. As a set-off against this triumph, a parody of the same opera is having great success at Mayence. The piece is called "Les Maitres Chanteurs, ou le

Judaisme en Musique," and its chief characters are Richard Dénence, Felix Mendel**baum, Meyer**bach, and Offen**beer. Judging by these names its satire must be heavy; but the Mayence folk are said to laugh at it with singular heartiness.

The Pesar fete in honor of Rossini began on the 21st with a performance of Cherubini's D minor Mass in the church of St. Francis. It was to last five days.

The Parisians will lose their darling, M. Capoul, awhile, if it be true that Mr. Strakosch has engaged him for a tour in the United States. *La France Musicale* says, pathetically, "Esperons qu'il n'en sera rien."

The Marquis and Marquise de Caux are in Hamburg, where the Marquise sings for fourteen nights; then for two at Baden; after which she returns to Paris, and gives M. Bagier October, and then goes to St. Petersburg.

The *Musical Standard* states that a statue of Goethe is to be inaugurated at Munich in the early part of September. On this occasion three productions of the illustrious poet will be given—"Iphigenia in Tauris," "Torquato Tasso," and "Faust."

The dearth of musical news is rather remarkable. Here are a few gleanings from the New York *Weekly Review*:

CARLOTTA PATTI.—Great expectations are raised to hear this celebrated vocalist, who has been the great concert star of Europe for the last four or five years. Carlotta has not only wonderfully improved in voice and execution, but also in appearance. To judge from various photographs shown us, European life has agreed with her. She, as well as Messrs. Ritter, Jean Prume, and Max trakosch, will be here in a few days. Mr. Theodor Ritter is not a German, as we stated last week, but a Franchman, hailing from Marseilles. We are pleased to see Mr. Strakosch has secured the services of this eminent pianist, who will form an attraction in himself, although the marvellous singing of Miss Patti will of course be the feature of the concerts—to commence on the 20th of this month.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in attendance at the bed side of her father, who is dangerously ill. Miss Phillips has given up her Paris engagement, and refuses all offers of business, on account of this domestic trouble and duty.

A new singer, whose voice was commended by Rossini as remarkably fine, is shortly to make her appearance here in the concert room. She is a Spanish Lady, Mlle. Marie Cortez, and is reported to be both beautiful and talented. The lady will arrive here, we are assured, in about two weeks.

A German opera company, chiefly composed of the German singers "of note" in this city, intends to open a short season at the French Theatre, either on the 18th or 25th of October. The management is entrusted to Mr. Wertheimer and the conductor's baton to Mr. Carl Anschütz.

Mr Theodore Thomas treated the lovers of music last night, at the Central Park Garden, to Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen." Wagner's Bridal Procession from "Lohengrin," three parts of Mozart's Symphony in D, and Liszt's "Marche Hongroise." Mr. Levy played Rossini's "Una voce," and achieved as usual a genuine success.

A NEW BATCH OF PRODIGES.—We quote the following from the New York *Season*: "There has recently arrived from Berlin a remarkable family of five children, called the Franko Family, whose ages range from seven to fourteen years—all of whom are most accomplished performers alike on the violin and piano, and are exponents of the most classical and difficult music on either instrument. Their public performances in Berlin, and other leading German cities, have elicited the most unqualified admiration, and those who have heard them privately since their arrival, assert that they are fully warranted. The public will, however, shortly have an opportunity of judging for themselves at their inaugural concert, at Steinway Hall. Though receiving their musical education at Berlin, they were all born in New Orleans."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Sleep, my Baby, Sleep. 3. Eb to f. Clement. 30
A sweet lullaby, combined with a graceful sentiment in the verses. Has a good chorus.
- Clochette. 2. F to G. Molloy. 30
This quaint little name a charming little song about pretty "Clochette," who could not help being a coquette, but was finally cured of it. A taking song to sing before company.
- Annie's winning Smile. 3. Ab to c. Blamphin. 30
About a moonlight walk to the stile, the waving corn and the summer night, illumined by "Annie's winning smile." Very pleasing song with a good chorus.
- Act on the Square. 2. G to d. Lee. 30
Capital advice, not only to Masons, but all good men. Effective song before a company.
- Say, my Heart, why art thou beating. (Was ich still). 3. Eb to G. Abt. 30
Somewhat in the style of "Thou art so near, and yet so far," and quite elegant. The imagery of "dreams," "shadows" &c., is well brought in.
- The Wanderer's Dream. (Mir singt in Hain). 3. F to e. Abt. 30
A "first class" song of classic beauty.
- Stay gentle Morn awhile. 3. G to e. Abt. 40
If "Morn" has an ear for music, it will certainly "stay" to hear such singing. An admirable song, in which the beauties of the fresh morning are finely portrayed.
- Adieu to the Woodlands. (Abschied vom Walde). Duet. 3. C to G. Abt. 30
A very beautiful duet forming, with the others, a set of pieces of which Abt need not be ashamed.
- Only at Home. 3. A to f. Gabriel. 30
The old beautiful sentiment well expressed. Among the best of the "Home" songs. Take it "home" with you.
- Sweet Dora. 3. G to f. Allen. 30
Pretty Dora's three innocent "wishes" were hardly uttered before the things wished for came to pass. A pretty idea, nicely brought on in words and music.
- Somebody's Wife; or, O, I'd go and see my Mother. Jackson. 30
- Walk off, big Shoes! Holder. 30
New contributions to comic musical literature. The more the merrier, and these are merry enough.
- Down by the River side I stray. 3. F to f. Thomas. 50
Very sweet ballad. Of course he did not stray alone, and the "wedding" scene on one corner of the fine lithograph title informs us well enough as to what came after those pleasant walks.

Instrumental.

- Prince Arthur Galop. 3. F. Prince. 30
A wide awake little thing, like the young prince whose name it bears. A pleasant run and good reception to both.
- Rip Van Winkle Galop. 3. Bb. Wellman. 40
A sort of steady movement, characteristic and pleasing.
- Music at Eve. Reverie. Mack. 40
- Rosy Morn. Mazourka. " 40
- Water Witch. Barcarole. " 40
Three pieces by this favorite author, quite famous for excellent arrangements.
- Potpouri. Fidelio. 4. Wels. 75
This selection from the melodies of what many consider the best of all operas, will be welcomed by all players.
- Warrior Polka. 3. Eb. Turner. 30
Original, and with a striking melody.
- Spring Fairy. 3. Bb. Engelbrecht. 60
A new edition of a great favorite, good for an instructive piece, and good any way. The lithograph title is a "success" and quite ornamental.
- Grotto Polka. 3. Eb. Turner. 30
A trifle more extended and difficult than most of Mr. T's compositions. Original and good music.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The 7 is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

